Southern Comfort

The Orwells

Drink by drink, I think, I'm thinking Why don't you hang with me this weekend? And I can't walk and I can't dance Give me a smile and then take off your pants

Saw her eyes in the rear-view mirror Girls in the back seat, trunk full of beer Eyes on the prize, eyes on her thighs I'm not that old but I'm getting pretty wise

Aaaah, aaaah Aaaah, aaaah

Coke and rum, can I taste your tongue? Won't stop sipping till we're both numb Who's that girl in the short black skirt Lotta lip gloss and the tight white shirt?

Hand down my pants, hands on my glass Got to the bottom of the barrel, but I still can't dance Life is better with a hand full of ass Bad ass shades and a bag full of grass

Aaaah, aaaah Aaaah, aaaah Aaaah, aaaah

Aaaah, aaaah